

You Made Me the Thief of Your Heart

[Sinead O'Connor](#)

I hope you're happy now, I could never make you so
You were a hard man, no harder in this world
You made me cold and you made me hard
And you made me the thief of your heart Winter is cold, oh, but you're colder still
And for the first time, I feel like you're mine
I'll share you with the one who will mend what falls apart
And turn a blind eye to the thief of your heart Oh, you lost, oh, you lost all
You lost all, you lost all I'll never wash these clothes, I want to keep the stain
Your blood to me is precious, nor would I spill it in vain
Your spirit sings, though your lips never part
Singing only to me, the thief of your heart

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